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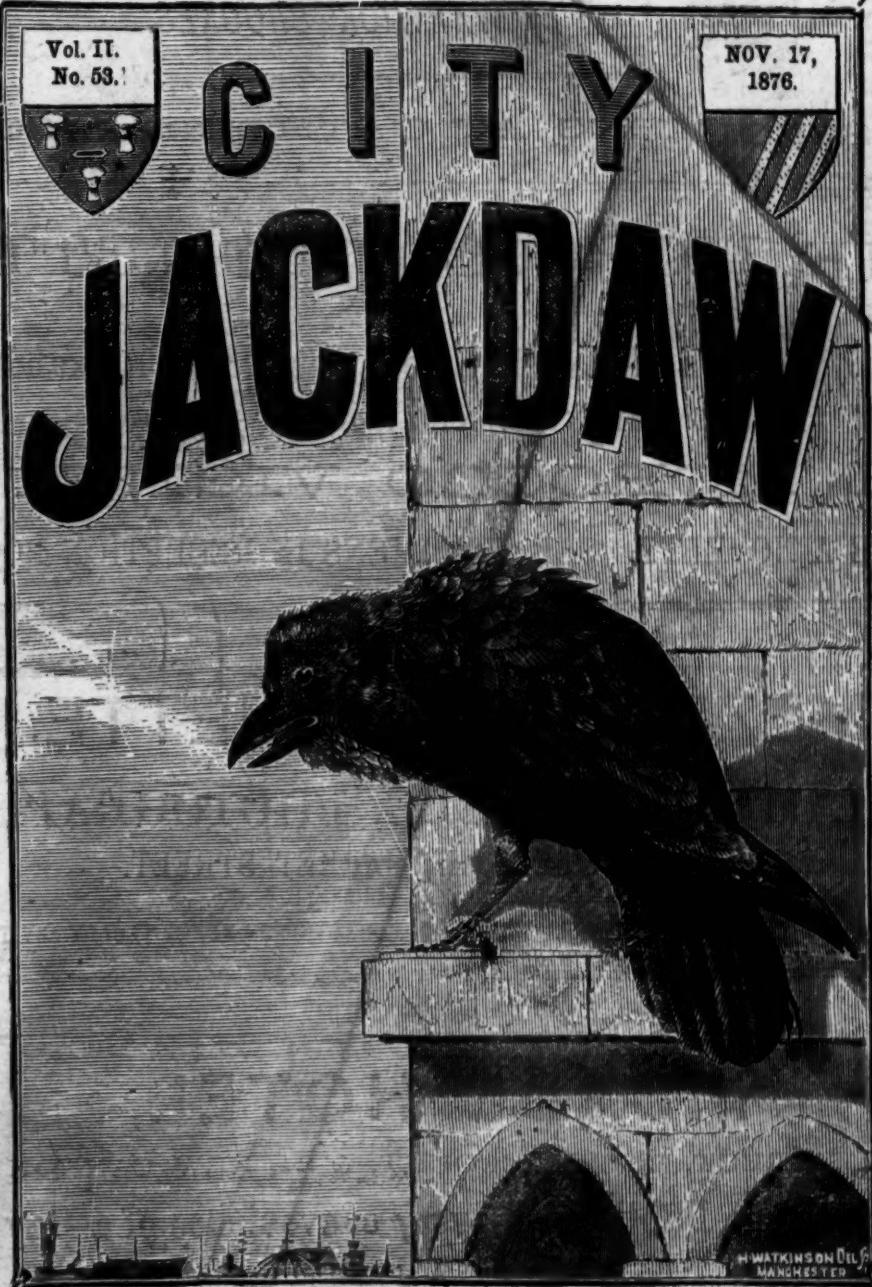
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WILLIAM BROWNE, } Hon. Secs.
JOHN DUFFIELD, }
SAMUEL MABBOTT, Secretary.

88, Mosley-street, November 10, 1876.

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NOTICE.

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But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 53.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1876.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

POLITICS AND CHARITY.

HERE is an excellent custom in Bristol, by which the poor greatly benefit, of combining the discussion of politics with the practical administration of charity. On one day of the year, for more than a century, the inhabitants of that city have by one consent made the uppermost consideration in their thoughts—the celebration of the day of the pious founder, Colston, “a sad-faced philanthropic man,” who lived in the beginning of last century, and at his death bequeathed large sums for benevolent purposes. Unlike most venerated of pious ancestors, who are content to claim a personal interest in past benefactions, and selfishly exclude all other applicants for share in generous and large-hearted bounty, the people of Bristol honour their renowned townsman by copying his example, and each recurrence of Colston day is accompanied by a repetition of Colston works. The political societies of Bristol have a habit on this day of dining together; and to these dinners eminent men, and frequently the leaders of parties, are always willing to lend their countenance. This year, Colston day falling on Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the principal speaker at the dinner of the Dolphin (Conservative) Society; and his predecessor in office (Mr. Lowe) was the chief guest at the meeting of the Anchorites or Liberals. These two distinguished men took exactly opposite views of public affairs, and each was cheered to the echo by his partisans. But in the midst of their political enthusiasm there was one thing which should be stated to the honour of both sides—they did not forget their duty to the poor. While the political speeches were being fired off, amid much laughing and cheering, collection cards were quietly circulating at the several tables, and the result was that the Dolphins subscribed more than £1200, and the Anchorites upwards of £1100. A third society, which is neutral, and simply styled the “Grateful,” also held its dinner, and subscribed £900.

Is there no lesson here for Manchester politicians? We should not like to say that our local political leaders are deficient in charity, and we do not forget that on a recent occasion a bazaar, held in the Free-trade Hall, which realised more than £20,000, was truly described as a Liberal demonstration in a double sense. But there are some facts which are rather chilling in the attitude of Manchester politicians to Manchester charities. You rarely catch a political leader at a charity meeting, rarely a clergyman of the Church, almost never a Nonconformist minister. These gentlemen may have other more important engagements. Yet care for, and interest in, the poor has surely a first claim upon the Christian conscience. The other day, at the annual meeting of the Manchester Southern Hospital, in the Mayor’s parlour, it was necessary to wait twenty minutes before a chairman could be obtained; and last Friday the quarterly meeting of the governors of the Deaf and Dumb Schools almost proved abortive, because, after scouring all the likely offices in the neighbourhood, the secretary could not find a fourth to make up a quorum. Even with respect to such a big charity as the Infirmary it is only when a question as to site is to be considered that more than half a dozen governors can be got to attend the weekly board. The annual meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund Committee, though its constituency is practically as wide as Manchester and Salford, is generally the dullest and coldest of the year. Perhaps a warmer and more wholesome feeling might be evoked if the Bristol plan could be adopted, and annual *reunions* of the political societies were made occasions for a display of practical benevolence as well. If, in addition, we could succeed, as the Bristol people do, in getting down to Manchester men from the front ranks

of the Treasury and Opposition benches to enlighten us upon general politics so much the better. Before leaving this subject we make a present of one practical suggestion to the Rev. Mr. Henn. Let him get charity-boxes put up forthwith in all the political clubs, and at the year end we shall be able to see how far professions of regard for the general welfare and desire to lighten the burdens of the poor go in pounds, shillings, and pence.

BUILDING ON THE INFIRMARY SITE.

HE proposed sale of the Infirmary site has raised the question as to the right of building on the Infirmary flags. Alderman King asserts, upon the authority of no less a personage than Sir Joseph Heron, that the site of the flags is public property, and as such no one is entitled to build upon it. Mr. Chancellor Christie, a man of no mean authority, however, comes to the rescue of those who would filch from the public their right, and he pledges his reputation that upon a fair statement of the facts being laid before an eminent conveying counsel of the Court of Chancery on this matter, the opinion of the learned gentleman was adverse to that of Sir Joseph Heron. Well, we don’t care much for what a chancery barrister may say, but this we do venture upon, that if the site in question is included in the manorial rights, it will take the whole of the chancery bar, and the vice-chancellor to boot, all their time to deprive Sir Joseph of another laurel in his cap, if he has made up his mind that the public are in the right—as he advises them.

THE MEDICAL DINNER.

“**A** NEW race of medical students has sprung up—a race that knows not Joseph,” so said one of the speakers at the Medical School dinner at the Albion, on Thursday night, and the assembly cheered him, but some few of the students cried “Oh, oh” somewhat sharply, as if they resented this imputation on their knowingness—a quality upon which the “med” prides himself upon above all things. It certainly did strike one during the dinner that the medical students are learning better manners. There was a time when this annual *reunion* led to proceedings of the most disgraceful character—when, it is said, it was necessary to elect two of the sturdiest members to act as weavers and doorkeepers, to carry out young gentlemen as they fell under the table or became noisy, and to prevent their re-entry. But that is all changed now. The medical student, when he dons his swallow-tail and choker, is a perfect gentleman in his bearing. He is a man, on the evidence of several speakers at the banquet, who would lift his hands in pious horror if it were even suggested that he should make room for his uncle. In fact, Dr. Morgan paid the diners the compliment that they looked very much like a band of hope meeting. And though their dinner differed from many others in the fact that they kept up a constant run of chaff of the younger speakers, and joked with the grey-haired lecturer, still it is only the bare truth to say that there was a considerable improvement on previous years in the deportment of the company. But a word in your ear, Dr. Morgan. Your compliment was paid early in the evening. Were you in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street a few hours later? Very likely not. If you had been you would have seen so many white ties that you would have wondered whether Hallé’s had emptied itself into the street; and in the wearers you would have recognised many of your young friends of the banquet.

NOTES ON "RAIDS"

[FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE POLICE.]

THE best way to make a raid on betting-men is to choose the day of a big race, when you know the big offenders are out of town.

Care must be taken in making a raid to avoid meddling with places which the large fry are known to haunt.

The object of a raid being to get your name up, it is only necessary to catch a few small fry. There is a paragraph in the papers all the same, and the ends of justice are satisfied.

As a general principle in making raids, bear in mind the Latin saying, "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili;*" which may be thus translated for the benefit of the police, "Keep a sharp eye upon the little 'uns.'

There are obvious reasons known to the police and the authorities for this course.

One is that betting-men, who deal with thousands of pounds, are part of the financial system of the country.

Another is that where there are large sums of money knocking about, some of it is very likely to be dropped, which zeal and energy may pick up, and discretion pocket.

It is an intolerable nuisance that half a dozen seedy individuals should assemble to bet in a back-parlour in Deansgate, or a beerhouse in Sickle Street.

When, however, the betting takes place in a handsome and well-appointed hotel in a conspicuous position, the matter assumes a different aspect.

When you are making a raid always bear in mind that beautiful legal fiction, that there is the same law for rich and poor alike—and act accordingly.

In making raids always respect the sentiments of society and respectability, and draw the line accordingly.

No "raids" must be made upon quack doctors, unless they are known to be out at elbows.

No raids must be made upon respectable druggists, who illegally prescribe for patients.

Raids must be continually made on struggling tradesmen, who sell adulterated articles by retail.

No raid must on any account be made on well-to-do merchants, who make mistakes of this kind by wholesale.

Raids must in all cases be made on milkmen, who are guilty of the abominable practice of making milk poisonous by putting pure water in it.

Raids must be made on all victuallers who sell tripe and trotters after eleven at night.

A vigorous raid must be made upon all who sell fried fish at illegal hours.

No raid must on any account be made on publicans who sell as Scotch whiskey a mixture of fortifying spirit, fusel oil, a little whiskey, and water.

A raid of this kind would be an intolerable nuisance, because nine-tenths of the publicans in Manchester would be affected by it.

Never make a raid on licensed victuallers, who refuse to serve their customers with anything to eat.

Make occasional raids on publicans and others who use false measures, but always avoid annoying the more respectable offenders.

In dealing with drunkards, be very careful to use your discretion.

If you find a shabby-looking drunkard, who is not likely to have any money in his pocket, make a raid on him at once, and run him in.

Allowances, on the other hand, must be made for those who are in a position to know better. Take such an one home tenderly, and knock at the door for him, and be sure not to leave him until he is safe inside. The chances are, moreover, that you will be rewarded for your trouble, which is a satisfactory thing to think of.

(To be continued when advisable.)

A LAST CROW FROM ST. THOMAS'S.

JACKDAWS, as is well known, have a habit of picking up any odd trifles that come in their way without paying strict regard to *meum* and *tuum*. Our particular bird is no exception to this general rule, only when he happens upon a good thing he does not hide it, but untrue in this particular to the traditions of his race, he gives the public the benefit of his discoveries. Our P.D., who should be an authority as to the degrees of wickedness, says, "He's the brazenedest bird as ever he knew."

A few days ago our Jackdaw was on the prowl in Ardwick, and seeing a study window open, he flew into the room, and possessed himself of the following production, which he deposited shortly afterwards on the editorial table. The envelope was partially addressed "To the Editor of the"— Here some parishioner must have interrupted, but we are sure that the enclosure could have been intended for no one but ourselves, and that we are only saving time, trouble, and postage-stamps by its immediate publication.

DEAR sir,* there are numerous friends, I am told,
Who are burning to hear why I'm out in the cold;
That I'd no wish to go they all know very well,
So with your permission the story I'll tell.

I'd packed a committee, I'd picked out my men,
They were Croston and Pooley, and Milner and Henn;
But I feel, *entre nous*, that they've not used me well;
They're in, and I'm out—it's a horrible sell!

Mr. Anderton first I sent off to the right
About quick; as for Lamb, "I discarded him" quite.
I told everybody 'twas "futile and vain,
Unseemly and useless," to name them again.

But some "ill-advised friends" brought them both to the front;
Lamb stood like a warrior prepared for the brunt;
No contest would scare him, I knew at first sight,
For though Lamb is his name, he's a lion to fight.

And his "indiscreet friends" were so many, and all
So determined that Lamb should not go to the wall;
Though "cleric and lay" came before and behind,
They'd have done as much good had they talked to the wind.

I put a bold face on, I knew 'twould not do
To be down in the mouth, or begin to look blue;
I said it was simply "absurd" to expect
They could carry the man *I* decreed to "reject."

A contest to save the Mayor worked with a will;
He called in some doctors, who made up a pill;
When they brought it to Lamb numbers shouted, "No! No!"
But there was not a voice lifted up for poor Joe.

They made up that pill, and they called it "resign,"
And when no throat would take it, Lamb crammed it down mine;
It stuck frightfully there I can tell you, but still
Lamb stuck to it also, and forced down the pill.

Then he swallowed his own with so jaunty an air;
I wish it had choked him, I vow and declare
I'd have buried him gladly without any fee,
And deemed it good riddance for School Board and me.

But the worst of it is that he don't care a straw;
His pill has digested; *mine sticks in my maw*;
And e'en my last letter, though brimful of spite,
Won't provoke him to answer—no word he will write.

Then, as to the new ones, I'm really not sure
How they will behave when I'm not to the fore;
There's Croston, I know, has a will of his own,
And Pooley will work with the chairman alone.

* For Lamb you've got Milner; for me you've got Henn,
I think *he* can cackle a little—but then
They are novices all, to dissemble's no use,
I know the whole four of them can't fill *my* shoes.

There's Anderton sometimes would vote on my side,
He counts like another when members divide;
But then I "discarded" him, will he forget,
Let by-gones be by-gones, and work for me yet?

* *Vide* a great many letters in recent *Guardian*, *Examiner*, and especially *Courier* of November 11th.

Of "my liveliest interest" still be assured;
My eye (non-official) I'll cast on the Board;
I expected to be there, but find myself floored,
I have missed every stroke, while my rivals have scored.

And how Watts will triumph, I can't bear the thought!
Hughes! Phythian! Miss Becker! M'Kerrow! can aught
Give comfort? I've hit it! I've thought of a plan!
They shall see I will bother them yet, and I can.

I'll write letters galore! by the mile! by the score!
By the acre! the hundred! the thousand! aye, more!
I'll badger the chairman, I'll bully the clerk,
I'll prove as to figures they're all in the dark.

They think two and two will make four, but I'll show
That they do no such thing—yes, I'll let them all know
Their statistics are wrong, their Reports are all lies,
That they've not crossed their t's, or yet dotted their l's.

The chairman may laugh in his sleeve, and rejoice
That the Board-room no longer re-echoes my voice;
But I'll make the whole batch of them own 'tis no fun
To draw down on their heads the rebuke of JOE NUNN.

P.S.—I can find some small comfort in this,
When I try for the last word I never shall miss;
And in this sad hour 'tis some pleasure to know,
Though not "cock of the walk," I have had the last crow.

ON THE HABITS OF CATS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

THANKS to the vagary of Mrs. Clarkson, I have had a fine opportunity of studying the habits of these animals. I knew something about them before, but I now come to the ways of those cats with a fuller knowledge. The vagary to which I allude was an extra cleaning-day, resulting in a profuse exhibition of carpets, hearthrugs, and so on, in the backyard, and a general turning upside-down and inside-out of all the contents of my apartment. When I came home, accidentally, the chairs were doleful skeletons—appropriate enough perches for cherubs—but otherwise in an unsatisfactory condition. The table and sofa crowded one another lovingly in one corner, legs in air, while the bookcase was dismounted, and stood guard over them in another. I was apologetically ushered into the back-parlour, from which the other lodger had departed, and requested to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this is how it is that I watched the habits of those cats. The back of the premises which I inhabit at present is, I find, admirably adapted for this study in natural history. The parlour looks out upon a backyard, behind the walls of which rise a range of mountains composed apparently for the most part of soot and cinders. There are cavities here wherein cats lurk, and here are also mounds and pinnacles whereon sparrows perch; and cats and sparrows are equally numerous in their respective proportions. Judging from observation, I should say that there must be in these wilds about four sparrows to every cat—a proportion which does not allow of any liberality of diet for those cats in the matter of sparrows. It may be inferred, indeed, that it is very seldom that one of those cats gets hold of one of those sparrows. It must be a firm conviction, however, in the mind of our own cat (the same which I once tried to keep) that some day or other it will succeed in catching a sparrow. Perhaps as some men in course of time delude themselves into believing stories which they have frequently narrated, so also this cat has persuaded itself that once upon a time it did catch a sparrow. At all events, it is exceedingly persevering, and wastes much cunning and ingenuity upon vain efforts to realise its ambition. This is how it does it. Every day, when I come home to dinner, there are one or more sparrows hopping in the gutter in front of my door. These are very tame and impudent, and take no notice of me knowing that I am only an old fogie going home to dinner, and that I am not bent on annoying or injuring small birds. I believe, too, that they are perfectly well aware that that cat is lurking at a cellar-grating hard by, for one of them always has his eye cocked in that direction, and the others are cheeky in an unconcerned manner, and feed

in an aggressive way, though what they find to eat I do not know. By-and-by those sparrows begin to have a game with that cat, when they have in some inexplicable manner satisfied their hunger for the time. One of them hops and flutters leisurely towards the other grating, of which there are two to our cellar, and the cat is evidently persuaded that the time has come at last when it shall catch a bird; so that cat slides cautiously down into the cellar, and all the sparrows in that gutter give a simultaneous chirrup of warning or mockery, and that bird which was near the second grating flies back again to the first just as the cat's head is poked gently out of No. 2. So this game goes on for hours, until those sparrows have had enough fun, or until that cat thinks it will go and prowl around the larder for a change, and caterwaul about in corners until Mrs. Clarkson quiets it with some of my milk. Now, I cannot write any more about the habits of cats at present, because—*

* This is quite enough.—ED.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

ALADY contributor sends us the following verses, which we are obliged to reject, although we would do almost anything for a lady:—

THE WONDERFUL NOSE.

Oh, the nose! the wonderful nose!
How the folks titter wherever it goes!
The ugliest urchins that lurk in the street
Will raise a loud laugh if its owner they meet;
Roman, ruddy, a knot on the bridge
For the spectacles make a convenient ridge;
Its contour is matchless, its hue of the rose—
'Tis a perfect, a splendid, a wonderful nose!

Once it was one of the crowd, but it rose
Till now through the darkness a beacon it glows,
By humble noses with royalty crowned,
All goodness and excellence with it is found;
Courted, flattered, feted, admired,
In the purple and ermine of noses attired,
It proclaims by its bearing wherever it goes,
I'm the monarch of noses, the wonderful nose!

Oh, the nose! the wonderful nose!
Warmed by the sunshine, and nipped by the snows,
Holding a worshiping crowd on its knees,
Making it do just whatever it may please;
Scheming, planning things not to jar,
Scouting all snare, and all dangers afar,
It's out, up and down, about all things it knows—
'Tis a king, a noble, a wonderful nose!

The next contribution came in an envelope without any name or address. Probably the sender was ashamed of what he had sent. It is, however, a fair specimen of the stuff for which the waste-paper basket gapes from week to week:—

SHE AND HE.

[A SPECIMEN OF FINE WRITING.]
She was luxuriously beautiful. He loved her wildly. She hated him; but, woman-like, did her best to catch him. He was a flea!

A WHIFF FROM WITTINGTON.

DOES anybody, except ourselves, know who Mr. R. Farrer Woodruff, assistant overseer of Salford, is? Apparently he has been a candidate for the Withington District Local Board, and has been defeated. However, he is very magnanimous, and he rushes into print in the *City News*, and actually has to pay for telling a Mr. William Brockbank a bit of his mind in the way of an advertisement. Mr. Woodruff gets so excited in speaking of Mr. Brockbank that he exclaims—

His fortune swells him, etc.—*Sir Giles Overreach*.

Hasn't Mr. Woodruff made a misquotation? Oughtn't he to have applied the proper quotation somewhere nearer home? and in speaking of himself said—

His misfortunes swell him.

And so he pays his old debts by writing advertisements. Mr. Woodruff was a big man before; heaven help us! what a size he must be now after his defeat!

THE CITY JACKDAW.

JACKDAW**AMUSEMENTS.**

PRINCE'S.—The VOKES FAMILY (first time in Manchester). THE BELLES OF THE KITCHEN; with other entertainments.

COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS, Peter Street, Manchester.—The GRAND OPENING NIGHT of this magnificent Circus will take place TO-MORROW (Saturday), November 18, with a Brilliant Staff of Artists, a motley group of Clowns and Jesters, splendid Band, and a most Highly-trained Stud of Horses and Ponies.

COOKE'S is the oldest established Circus in England, and has been known to the Manchester public for the last (76 years) three quarters of a century. The present proprietors will endeavour to sustain the renown attained by their grandfather, the great promoter of the equestrian profession.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Selected High-class WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is now OPEN at Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS', EXCHANGE STREET GALLERIES. In dark weather the galleries are illuminated by gas. Admission (including catalogue), one shilling.

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY.—On Saturday, December 2, will appear *JOSHUA'S HAWP NY JOURNAL*. A new and original story, entitled "FAMILY LINKS," by Cheesewhiter, author of "Setterday neet; or, Josua, thean't fiddle agen;" "Sunday mornin';" and other Lancashire pieces. The Journal will also contain other interesting matter. May be had of G. Renshaw, Bellhouse Street, all newsagents and street boys. Published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES, comprising NINE LECTURES, the first two of which will be given in the HULME TOWN HALL, and the remaining seven in the New, More Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—

Monday, November 26 (third lecture),
Tuesday, November 27, Tuesday, December 5, and Tuesday, December 12,
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S.
Subject: "The earth's place in nature."

Tuesday, November 26, Tuesday, December 5, and Tuesday, December 12,
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.
Subject: "Life on the earth."

Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned, One Guinea each.

JOSEPH LUNT.

57, King Street, Manchester, October 2, 1876.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT His Satanic Majesty is likely to be a contributor to our Fireside Column, seeing he's so fond of 'cross sticks.

That if anybody objects to the way we describe his Highness, they can column what they like, or consult our P.D.

That the present company at the Prince's Theatre has been received with Vokesiferous applause.

That "Leah," at the Royal, according to an Irish admirer, can Bate-man-kind at cursing.

That the Good Templars, and Dr. Lees in particular, after the stampede by the back-door at a recent meeting, are to be known as the Bolton trotters.

That the real objection to the nigger Good Templars is that they have a weakness for black bear and old Tom.

That the negroes in America are going to open a few lodges in England for Dr. Lees and his friends, who have been denying that black's white.

That notwithstanding all the squabbling about colour, Black and Green, of Market Street, are still open to receive orders from all classes of Good Templars.

That the Rev. Mr. Aitken oughtn't to address men only, as the ladies require the most talking to.

That in talking to business men about habits on 'Change, he ought to strongly denounce that disgraceful blot on our modern civilisation—selling domestics.

That Mr. Hildebrandt, who read a paper at the Statistical Society on boiler explosions, thinks that coroners ought to be called firebrands.

That Coroner Herford, who was present, had shortly afterwards to be put out.

That at the chimney sweepers ball, a night or two ago, a young lady flue away with the affections of a youthful sweep.

That it's highly probable the young lady may yet put a damper on his feelings.

That the Manchester printers have put a full stop to the eccentric motions of one of their officials.

That Mr. Bremner's valedic-Tory address at the Town Hall was quite unnecessary, seeing that he took his leave of the Conservative ranks some eight months ago.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

THE High Church party in Manchester has thrown itself with characteristic ardour into the bosoms of the working-men of the city, desiring earnestly to convert them to the principles of the English Church Union. To this end they have projected a series of excellent lectures, which are prefaced and followed by interesting and instructive speeches. From these we gather that there is a good deal of life stirring in the dry bones of the Establishment. A desire is rising up for ecclesiastical autonomy as against Erastian tyranny. On Tuesday evening a distinct claim was made for more bishops, and an answer was given to Dr. Fraser's inquiry as to how the new bishops should be elected, by a proposal that for the *congég-d'élire* should be substituted a popular suffrage. If the High Churchmen desire the right of electing their bishops how can they logically draw the line short of priests and deacons. We wish them all success—fervently sympathising in their natural aspirations. But there is a proverbial danger in putting new wine into old bottles. Could the Establishment withstand the process of fermentation?

GOOD TEMPLARS ON THE "LOOSE."

THE Good Templars of our district are certainly doing honour to their vows. The squabble which has arisen among them, as to whether the negroes should have equal privileges in the Good Templar lodges with the whites, is being fought out with a bitterness which certainly does honour to the Good Templar idea of brotherly love. At Bolton, a few nights ago, Dr. Lees, of Leeds, was announced to deliver a lecture on "Good Templarism," and to the meeting came all the discontented Good Templars of the district. Good Templars may be complimented on one thing, if the report of the meeting goes for anything. They speak what they consider the truth in the most polite of language. Here is a specimen of it:—

Another person rose and asked by whose authority it was that Dr. Lees had been announced as representing the United Kingdom Alliance, as had been placarded through the town?

Dr. Lees: If I had been consulted about it I would have objected to it personally. I know nothing of it.

Bro. Bewick said it was a piece of gross imposition, and he had been asked in the train whether the United Kingdom Alliance had gone over to the pro-slavery party?

Dr. Lees (to Bro. Bewick): How dare you say that I am a pro-slavery man?

A Voice: You are a paid agent of the Alliance.

Dr. Lees (jumping up and vehemently shaking his arm): You lie, brother; you lie, you lie; and you know you lie. (Sensation and uproar.)

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

The report adds, very significantly, that "as Dr. Lees uttered these words over the railing of the platform, and threatened the speaker with his clenched fist, mingled hooting and cheering was raised. Dr. Lees, evidently not a little apprehensive of personal danger, quickly bundled up his papers and escaped by the back-door." The doctor takes the trouble to write to the *Examiner* to say that there are some mis-statements in the report. Well, we trust for his sake there are, but we cannot help joining in the remark of a cautious old Scotch Templar, over a nip of real good Lochmagar whiskey, after the meeting, that evidently there have been "Lees told by somebody."

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

JFEEL so excessively witty
That I am determined to write
A sparkling and elegant ditty
Before I retire for the night;
I'll knock off a couple, it maybe,
Of verses, or possibly more—
(Good heavens! that horrible baby
Will never be quiet next door.)

The moon and the stars glimmer brightly,
With rays that are soft and serene;
As a fact, they are doing so nightly,
Though often they cannot be seen.
I am firmly persuaded that they err—
Who say that the light of the moon—
(Confound it! that violin-player
Is trying to play a new tune.)

I say, I am firmly persuaded
That those who assert as a fact
That the light of the moon ever aided
In finishing folks that are cracked
Are people of small understanding,
And worthy of little belief—
(That's a curious noise on the landing,
It must be a rat, or a thief—

A sort of a stealthy and mute step—
It's rather alarming, I swear;
By Jove! it's my landlady's footstep,
She's coming in here, I declare—
"Which the door I was going to lock, sir,
And seeing your light, as I pass,
I would mention it's past twelve o'clock, sir,
And time for to put out the gas."

So, although I am feeling so witty,
So awfully clever and bright,
I am bound to put off—what a pity!
My efforts till some other night.
My landlady's words are a warning,
That if I persist in 'em now
The certain result in the morning
Will be, to be candid, a row.

CORONERS' JURIES AND GERMAN CRITICS.

MMR. HILDEBRANDT, C.E., M.I.M.E.—Here we pause to observe that the more insignificant a society is the larger title does it frequently confer upon its members. In the present case, M.I.M.E., despite its comic appearance and suggestions of boxing-night, is very prosaic, and is short, though long enough in all conscience, for "Manchester Institute of Mechanical Engineers." Mr. Hildebrandt has done a good deal for M.I.M.E., having, as its very active and energetic secretary in its younger years, contributed largely to raise it to its present pitch of perfection; but he must surely feel amply rewarded in being able to flourish at the end of his name a string of capital letters which beats "Ph.D." into sticks, and is to be had much cheaper. Mr. Hildebrandt, C.E., M.I.M.E., is a very busy, keen, and withal aggressive young German, with a great enthusiasm for systematisation; and having recently had the misfortune to attend one coroner's jury, he has jumped at the conclusion that the system, though it has its good points, wants reforming. Being thus minded, he straightway writes a paper for the Manchester Statistical Society, of which he is a member. By the way, he might adopt Mr.

Bailey Walker's plan, and also write himself down an F.M.S.S.—Mr. Hildebrandt, C.E., M.I.M.E., F.M.S.S. would look well on an address card, or at the top of a newspaper column. Being more familiar with mechanical forces than acquainted with the power of English phraseology, Mr. Hildebrandt, C.E., M.I.M.E., or as we suggest it should be, Mr. Hildebrandt, C.E., M.I.M.E., F.M.S.S., makes his paper very hot and strong. He turns from the newspaper reports of coroners' inquests with "disgust." He has read their verdicts "with humiliation." These verdicts have had "absurdity stamped on the face of them." Many coroners' inquiries are "farces," and some coroners are "humbugs." These bitter words Mr. Hildebrandt had the temerity to utter in the presence of Mr. Herford. He might have well as gone out into a back-garden in his under-garment, and sought diversion in poking up a hornet's nest. For need we say that Mr. Hildebrandt was "sat upon," and that by two coroners at once—Mr. Herford and Mr. Edge—the latter very quick set upon this occasion. He was commiserated for his "want of acquaintance with English institutions," and finally he had to withdraw his words and eat "farce" and "humbug." Mr. Hildebrandt's criticism of coroners' juries is, nevertheless, very valuable and practical, more especially as regards their inquiries into the causes of boiler and other machinery accidents. Such accidents, he maintains, always mean carelessness or ignorance—both qualities to be reprehended. There is, in his opinion, nothing like leather. As Mr. Freeman reminded his audience at the Athenaeum, on Wednesday evening, a learned jurist has been suggesting that the remedy for all the ills that Turkey is heir to is to appoint English judges to go on circuit through the oppressed provinces. So Mr. Hildebrandt would cure the rāhk offences of coroners by the appointment with them of scientific assessors, of whom a plentiful crop might be obtained among the fellows of the M.I.M.E.

MR. BREMNER'S VALEDICTION.

THERE was a meeting in the Mayor's parlour on Wednesday night. Mr. Bremner took leave of his colleagues on the School Board. The meeting had been long contemplated, but the donor had anticipated that it would have been in recognition of his victorious re-entry upon the School Board. The invited guests all appeared in deep mourning. Mr. Hall-keeper Ward supplied the black gloves. Mr. Bremner's valedictory address was so affecting that several empty (champagne) bottles were insufficient to hold the tears that were shed.

DR. FREEMAN AT THE ATHENAEUM.

THE magnificent address delivered by Dr. Freeman at the Athenaeum, on Wednesday evening, is a pleasant reminder of the brilliant earlier days of this popular institution, when each winter season brought round a series of meetings at which the young men of the city could see face to face, and hear from their own lips the choice thoughts and fervid words of England's greatest writers. A quarter of a century ago it was the medium by which Dickens, Disraeli, Judge Talfourd, Lord Morpeth, Allison, the historian, Emerson, and other great speakers and thinkers, made their acquaintance with the Manchester public. May we venture to hope that under the present secretaryship the Athenaeum Lecture Society may renew the vigour of its youth, and that Dr. Freeman's splendid oration—as luminous in its detail as it was comprehensive and massive in its structure—may be the first and the fitting introduction to a new series of Athenaeum lectures. One thing only was regrettable about the occasion, which we are free to utter—the absence from the meeting of our leading Liberal politicians. Dr. Freeman's recent services to the cause of liberty have been so conspicuous that the members of the Reform Club—of whom only a few were present—rari nantes in gurgite vasto—ought to have attended *en masse*, not to make up a party platform, but to honour the lecturer by humbly sitting at his feet and thoughtfully listening to his eloquent and pregnant words.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

THE REV. W. H. AITKEN.

THE tendency which exists to ridicule, or at all events to depreciate, home mission work, is one for the causes of which there is no need to seek far. So-called "revival" work is much in the same position among us as spiritualism, so-called. There is a general impression abroad that there is something in it," but the cause is too often weakened by grotesque vulgarity, vanity, self-assumption, humbug, imposture, and mercenary motives. Having means at our disposal of tracing Mr. Aitken's career from an early period, a few words about that gentleman will not be out of place. To say that Mr. Aitken is a gentleman and sincere is to say little, because he is a clergyman of the Church of England. But of Mr. Aitken more can be said. Entering the University of Oxford at a not very mature age, at a time when the University undergraduate was even a more frisky and thoughtless being than his successor of to-day, Mr. Aitken made a mark among immediate friends, and University men in general, for piety and zeal for good. To make such a mark without being despised or ridiculed by a number of people is at all times difficult under such circumstances, but Mr. Aitken came successfully through the trial. His influence for good in his own college (Wadham) and outside was very perceptible, and he also did good labour after a fashion of which a few noble examples had then been set among the poor and wretched of the city. Coming, as he does, now to Manchester, with the prestige of having resigned a comfortable living at Liverpool in order that he might devote himself to a more extended field of work, Mr. Aitken carries with him at least our good wishes and sympathy. The reverend gentleman is, we believe, an admirer of Moody and Sankey. In this we are obliged to be at variance with him, because however much we may admire zeal and energy in a good cause, we have a wicked habit of viewing certain matters from a practical worldly point of view; but this does not prevent us from wishing Mr. Aitken God speed on his good and earnest course.

MR. NUNN'S RETIREMENT.

THE Rev. Joseph Nunn was himself to the last moment. His friends might have shunted him, his star might be waning, but he had yet an hour or two left in which to work mischief, and Joseph Nunn is not the man to let an opportunity pass. Accordingly, whilst Mr. Lamb and Mr. Bremner retired modestly and gracefully from the Board-room in Cross Street, regretted by every one in the room, and thanked for their services by their lady colleague, Mr. Nunn flourished his shillelagh in defiance of everybody, and retired from the room without inducing a single regret, his last exhibition turning even his erstwhile friends against him, and calling forth from his own party—if it can be said that the Church party still owned him—a reproof of his want of taste. No one knew better than Mr. Nunn that his resolution in regard to Mr. Hughes was both uncalled-for and unnecessary. No one better than he knew that his charge was long since exploded; no one knew better than he that he was entirely out of order; but he resisted the attempts alike of friends and foes to save him from himself. On a recent occasion, Dr. Watts—than whom not even Mr. Hughes has been more irritated by the constant carping and ill-natured obstructiveness of Mr. Nunn—at once gave way when the Chairman made a personal appeal to him to withdraw a well-deserved vote of censure upon Mr. Nunn; but a much more earnest and feeling personal appeal from Dr. McKerrow had no effect upon that gentleman. It was in vain that another member appealed to him as a lady, and so earnest was Miss Becker that she rose from her seat to make it—an incident so unusual that it gave point to the appeal—the gallant Nunn remained standing whilst she spoke to him, and refused to be turned from his purpose. It mattered not to him that the feeling of the whole Board was against him; he was determined to have his last shot. He had it, and we hope he is pleased with the result. The only satisfaction he got in the room was the opportunity of reading his prepared speech;

out of it his only reward was a report in the newspaper, which to most public men would be anything but agreeable reading about themselves. The members of the Board treated him just as he deserved to be dealt with. No one seconded his resolution. Mr. Hughes refused to reply to it, and it fell to the ground. Did Mr. Nunn notice the tenor of the subsequent observations, we wonder? Whilst the votes of thanks were being spoken to, many kind and pleasant things were said, and everybody had a warm grasp of the hand for Mr. Bremner and Mr. Lamb; but the current of good fellowship and kind feeling seemed to be interrupted when it reached him. Stay, we had almost forgotten. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Nunn. It was passed at an impromptu meeting round the reporter's table, and thanked him—for retiring.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the second of the old English ballads, the discovery of which we announced last week. The diction of the subjoined ballad, if the original, is so antique, and it relates to a period of history so far distant, that we have had great trouble in elucidating some of the allusions in the verses. After rummaging amongst the libraries of the city, we have discovered that the subject of the ballad was not an imaginary, but a very real entity; and the second verse seems to express, with great exactitude, the position occupied by Sir Joseph towards the singular body which was then denominated the Town Council. The allusion to a "big bear-garden" we confess ourselves quite unable to understand. As far as we can learn there was at no period in the history of Manchester a bear-garden kept near the city, unless we are to suppose that the phrase refers to a place called "Belle Vue"—gardens, we believe, called after a lady named Miss Vue, who was the belle of the district—where a few bears were kept on show. We can, however, hardly suppose that Sir Joseph Heron added the care of this place to the duties of the Town Clerk, and are therefore driven to consider that there must be some deep allegorical meaning in the line. "Mister Aronsberg" appears to have been a gentleman who acquired an immense fortune by the ingenious method of giving away all his goods and chattels. He appears, for some reason or other, to have had a special antipathy to the Town Clerk. We have discovered this reason, but it is not our duty to revive the squabbles and misunderstandings of these ancient days.

I'll sing you a good old song
Of a jolly old Town Clerk,
Who reigned awhile in Manchester,
And lived at Broughton Park;
Sir Joseph Heron was his name,
Though mostly known as Joe,
And his chief function was to make
Town councillors "go slow."
And a rollicking Town Clerk was he,
One of the olden time.

Old Joseph in the Council sat,
And dealt the law around,
And e'en the biggest aldermen
They trembled when he frowned;
Some tried to sit on Joseph, but
They found it wouldn't do,
For he was like a porcupine,
And pierced them through and through,
Did this sharp old Manchester Town Clerk,
One of the olden time.

It once occurred to some to ask,
What may your duties be,
For what have we to pay to you
Your little salaries?
Said Joseph, with a foxey smile,
Why, this is my chief care
To watch a big bear-garden,
Which is kept—well, you know where.
Oh, a cunning old Town Clerk was he,
One of the olden time.

He led the Mayor by the nose,
And made the Council roar;
He stamped upon the members' toes
Until they fairly swore;
And as for Mister Aronsberg,
Who gave away his pelf,
He half believed this Joseph was
Old Beelzebub himself.
For a badgering old Clerk was he,
One of the olden time.

Old Joe he was a bachelor,
But still a jovial soul;
He dearly loved a jest and song,
Nor shunned the flowing bowl;
'Tis said that in his younger days
The ladies all declared
That no gallant with Joseph could
One moment be compared.
Oh, a model old Town Clerk was he,
One of the olden time.

And people say that still at night
Old Joseph's ghost is seen
Reposing on his ancient throne—
The Town Clerk's chair I mean—
And watching over councillors,
Of bodies quite bereft;
He calls them all to order,
And he snubs them right and left,
Does this fine old Manchester Town Clerk,
One of the olden time.

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES.

SCENE I.—A cosy parlour, Sunday afternoon. Mrs. QUIVERFUL has got downstairs after a short retirement from domestic life, and is showing with pride her latest born to a circle of admiring female friends.

Mrs. Quiverful. Isn't he a love?

Mrs. Henpeck. Yes, of course, Mary; but wherever did he get that snub nose? There's nothing like it in the family.

Mrs. Good Neighbour. His complexion is just a little saffron, is it not?

Severe Maiden Aunt. I am afraid he has got little intellect, he looks so fat.

Lively do. And I am sure what little he has he sleeps all away.

Enter Mr. QUIVERFUL.

Omnes. But how like papa!

SCENE II.—Interior of a Pendleton omnibus. Time: Half-past ten on Sunday evening. Weather wet outside. Interior of omnibus crowded. Enter Stout Middle-aged Woman, carrying a baby.

Jolly Passenger. Come up here, missis; there's room at the top for one. [There isn't.]

The Stout Middle-aged One wedges herself into a space of six inches between two feeble young men, and settles down. The 'bus is crowded with new accessions of bedraggled passengers as it moves off the Exchange corner. The Stout One, who by this time has made herself comfortable, while the feeble youths have been crushed up on each side like ice hummocks, cries: Come up here, Mary, and sit on my knee. [Mary, a smiling young mother, comes up, and transfers the baby to her own lap.]

Interesting tableau, showing three generations seated in the nineteenth space of an overcrowded omnibus.

Jolly Passenger [to young mother]. Well, missis, I am glad to see you have taken over your baby from the old woman.

Young Mother. Oh, you can have it for a little, if you like.

Jolly Passenger. I wouldn't deprive you. Besides, you'd want it back.

Gruff Voice [from group of passengers standing at doorway of 'bus]. Oh, you can have it altogether, if you like.

Jolly Passenger. Oh, that's the fond papa. How are you, sir?

Fond Papa. Yes, an' two or three more on 'em, if you like.

The Stout Grandmother. Yes, that un's noan the first, nor the second; nay, nor the sixth, lad.

Jolly Passenger. Then I congratulate the papa as a loyal supporter of the constitution.

Fond Papa [who has got to the upper end of the 'bus]. Yes, I'm for Church and State!

This remark leads to a discussion between Jolly Passenger and Vehement Radical sitting next him, on Gladstone and the Irish Church, Disraeli and the Eastern Question, the Franco-German War, the Austro-Prussian War, the Schleswig-Holstein Question, the character of Lord Palmerston, the partition of Poland, and the uselessness of Constantinople as the key to India, which lasts till the 'bus stops at the Horse Shoe, Pendleton, becoming (i.e. the discussion) more violent the further it departs from its original starting point. The passengers are all so much interested that they overshoot their destination, and take cabs homewards down Broad Street and Cross Lane.

DEFERRED FIREWORKS.

[BY PATERFAMILIAS.]

I HAVE accidentally found out a secret, which I now purpose to reveal. It is that, by deferring the annual exhibition of fireworks for a week or so, it can be done at half-price. Perhaps it is not a secret to a good many people, but it came as a revelation to me. The thing came about in this way. It has lately been rather a tax upon me to provide at a moderate cost the entertainment which the children expect on each of the annually recurring and increasing festivals called birthdays, two of these happening on the eleventh and twelfth respectively. I bethought me, much to the indignation and grief of the youngsters, of deferring the Guy Fawkes celebration until the following week, when I could in addition manage to roll two birthdays into one, and thus kill three birds with one stone—or, rather, with one discharge of rockets. Besides this there was another consideration—the day was the anniversary day of the *City Jackdaw*, in which I take a great interest from being an occasional contributor. Therefore the fireworks were fixed for the eleventh. I am not a stingy man, but the thought of the saving to be thus effected made glad my heart. There was first of all the old Guy Fawkes festival abolished altogether, as far as I was concerned, and the children were just as pleased after all when the time came, though they wouldn't acknowledge it, for they watched from the window a magnificent display in a garden not far off. This was saving No. 1. Next there were the two birthdays rolled into one, as aforesaid, which was saving No. 2. After that comes saving No. 3, for the entertainment of fireworks is one which involves little expense, except the purchase of the combustibles. When fireworks are the order of the day, I notice that so far from wishing to buy new "things" for the children, my wife arrays them in the oldest garments which a sense of the becoming will allow; and if the fireworks are judiciously expended, and made to last long enough, many other items are spared, as fireworks are very "filling at the price," and require undivided attention, whereby many preparations are saved, and preparations mean money. Lastly, the celebration of the *City Jackdaw* by the sending up of rockets was much cheaper and more appropriate than the opening of expensive bottles, and the bang of crackers is infinitely more effective than that of champagne corks. Moreover, to conclude, the grown-up guests being naturally expected to assist out of doors, cannot consume as much refreshment as they otherwise might; and though they may make up for this afterwards, they are quite content with whiskey to counteract the damp. Besides all this, deferred fireworks are sold at half-price, being perishable goods; and for about five shillings, on the eventful afternoon, I bought as many combustibles as would have served to blow up the king, lords, and commons. Fireworks, in fact, were a mere drug in the market, and I profited by that fluctuation in trade. What crackers I bought, what squibs, what rockets, for literally an old song, needs not here to be narrated. For eighteenpence, as a sort of *pièce de résistance*, I bought a veritable work of art in the firework line—a wooden instrument as big as the biggest wheel of the perambulator—which, however, was very reluctant to go off when the time came; and when it did go off, with much coaxing, set fire to a hedge and two gate-posts, which fire was not ultimately sub-

dued without buckets of water. With this small exception, everything went off admirably. The touch-paper of the squibs, crackers, and rockets was, as a rule, in an admirable state of dampness, so that the entertainment lasted a long time, and was enhanced by suspense. One or two of the rockets actually went up to a considerable height, but I must say that most of them, when once properly alight, seemed at once to go mad, and to be undecided whether to burst on the spot or waddle sideways. Then, after all those wonders were over, there were "lightning papers" in the nursery, and my youngest boy was caught next day trying to produce the same effect with pieces of the *Manchester Courier*. After that we got rid of the youngsters, and drank success to the *Jackdaw* in whiskey and water. Next day my wife declared that all the children who were able to go out had destroyed their clothes. I had to pay five shillings to a man for clearing up the mess in the garden, and I am threatened with an action by my neighbour for burning the hedge.

BOYS' REFUGE AND INDUSTRIAL HOMES, STRANGWAYS: AN APPEAL.

THIS institution receives homeless and destitute boys at all hours of the day and night, immediate admission being granted for genuine cases. It has already received over six hundred boys. At the present time it supports one hundred and fifty boys in the central refuge and branch homes; and it undertakes to provide for every homeless boy from nine to sixteen years that is brought to its door. The committee urgently appeal for funds to carry out this great work, which may be paid into the Manchester and Salford Bank, St. Ann's Street; or to L. K. Shaw, secretary, Frances Street, Strangeways. Cast-off clothing much needed. Orders for firewood, made by the boys, will be most thankfully received—five shillings per hundred bundles.

We most heartily give insertion to the above appeal, and hope that many of our readers will liberally respond to it. The institution, we are sure, has done a great work in rescuing boys from what would most certainly have been a life of crime and degradation.—ED. C. J.

BAD TELEGRAPHY.

A FEW weeks ago, the *Saturday Review* contained a pungent article upon "cheap and nasty reporting," in which some very severe things were said respecting the workmanship of the various associations which exist for the transmission of news to the London and provincial newspapers. It may not be generally known that the London papers, with the exception of the *Times*, and the provincial papers, with the exception of the *Manchester* and *Leeds* dailies, which follow the wholesome and workmanlike tradition of doing their own work through their own direct and responsible agents, are supplied with such speeches as, to take recent instances, Mr. Bright's at Manchester, the Marquis of Hartington's at Keighley, or Mr. Lowe's and Sir Stafford Northcote's at Bristol, by an association or news agency which sends down one or more representatives, who report the speech as they best can, or are inclined, and hand the "copy" over to the post-office authorities for dissemination by telegraph to all parts of the kingdom. Such a system is almost inevitably subject to abuse, and liable to failure; and we do not know that it is administered generally as well as it might be. But the fault of the conspicuous breakdowns which have recently occurred, it is only just to add, are not properly to be laid at the door of the news agencies, nor to the telegraphic operatives, but are, we believe, mainly attributable to the defective state of the wires, which have been allowed, under the penny wise and pound foolish policy now prevailing in the post-office department, to fall into a state of chronic disrepair. We believe that the *Manchester* papers were the only newspapers in the country which obtained anything like adequate reports by telegraph of Lord Hartington's utterance at Keighley. The

Preston Guardian, which had trusted to one of the associations, went to press about two o'clock with only a few lines of "copy" received. The *Times*, which had an adequate staff of reporters present, only obtained one half of the speech, and the postponement of the latter portion from Saturday to Monday led to serious misunderstanding in the interval. A similar breakdown, though not so conspicuous, occurred this week at Bristol. The messages were unduly delayed, or were delivered in the various newspaper offices in a very inaccurate form. The failure of the telegraph department in both cases was set down, and truly, to the state of the weather; but it was bad weather operating also upon bad wires. Under the old companies, and even when the wires were first transferred to the Government, though atmospheric conditions were probably about as variable as they now are, the delays and difficulties arising in telegraphing were not to be compared with the chronic mess into which the newspaper press is now almost invariably plunged when any event or speech of greater than ordinary importance requires to be telegraphed.

THE THEATRES.

WHATEVER its other merits may be, the entertainment nightly offered at the Prince's is light and pleasant. The Vokes's are a genial, modest, hardworking set of people, clever in their way, and doing their very best to amuse that easily amused animal, the British playgoer. The means by which this amusement is accomplished are of exceeding simplicity. The Vokes's belong to that class of stage humorists who have humour (if we may be allowed the expression) in their bodies. There is an absence of all attempt at verbal witticisms in their performance, which is positively refreshing in these days of slangy libretto and flash singing. Moreover, there is such an excusable tendency in broad physical farce to call coarseness to its aid that the buffoonery of the Vokes's, though occasionally silly, may be called by contrast entirely unobjectionable. Miss Rosina Vokes has a good figure, a funny manner of speaking with her eyes and chin, and a grotesque way of playing mild practical jokes, which are as admirable from the popular point of view as they are harmless. Miss Jessie Vokes shows considerable self-possession, which is indeed a characteristic of the Vokes's, and possesses also a voice which, if not melodious, is certainly remarkable, and conducive to the fun of the evening, which includes some admirable fooling in the shape of burlesque opera. Miss Victoria Vokes has considerable powers of mimicry, while Messrs. Fred and Fawdon Vokes do some excruciating feats in the way of dancing, the leg-bones of the former appearing by what may be a deception of the eye to be made of some flexible material. It is impossible to do justice to this whole performance in any descriptive notice. If, however, the continuous roars of laughter with which it is received may be considered by the severe critic as somewhat uncalled for, it is only fair to say, on the other hand, that the fun, such as it is, is genuine and innocent. Miss Kathleen Corri and Mr. Brennir also appear in a comic operetta, called "Retained on Both Sides," which, being produced with true English modesty and dulness, is not very amusing. Miss Corri's voice, too, comes out to far better advantage in the ballad opera of "The Waterman," which brings the evening's amusement to a close. The ballads in this, which are of the well-known standard class, are well executed by all engaged.

Mr. Frayne and his rifle team have returned to the Queen's, and there display nightly their rifle feats on the stage. The shots look marvellous enough, and are apt to cause a shudder of apprehension on a first visit, but a second assures the spectator that the conditions are such as to render failure or accident, humanly speaking, impossible. None the less is the performance a clever one.

The Royal gives us Miss Bateman, in "Leah" and other characters, about which nothing new can be written.

A COIN OF VANTAGE.—A halfpenny with two tails.

MYTHOLOGICAL PORCELAIN.

ON Monday last, Mr. Graham, the auctioneer, at the Falstaff Inn, Market Place, was learnedly descanting on all sorts of articles of *virtu*, and among other things he offered a tea-cup, with an allegorical picture, which the catalogue described as "Diana wakens sleeping dogs." For some time he was allowed to proceed, until a critical spectator, evidently a Scotchman, mildly asked the auctioneer if he was quite sure it was meant for "Diana wakens sleeping dogs." My opinion is, said the Scotchman, that if you examine the cup you will find on it the old Scotch adage, "Dinna wauken sleeping dogs." "Oh, then," says the auctioneer, "it's all the better;" and be it recorded that the buyer willingly gave eighteenpence more for the cup to show his appreciation of the joke.

FIRESIDE COLUMN.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 1).

B I S H O P F R A S E R .

1. B E E F
2. I N T E R
3. S A L A
4. H I S S
5. O N E
6. P o o R

NOTES.—1. Beef, the pride of Old England, the animal producing it dying. 2. Examples: Inter-rupt, Inter-vene. 3. Obviously Mr. Sala's connection with the *Daily Telegraph* is intended. 4. Who will say that the act of hissing our good Bishop at the late banquet was not an unmanly one? 5. The Exchange clock striking one, or for that matter any other clock. 6. This is perhaps rather far-fetched, but "Pawnbroker," as adopted by "Pan," is still more so. The idea of "stealth" is suggested, however, in the original.

As this column has so far been a success, we reprint on this occasion the first acrostic by way of guidance and explanation:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 1).

THERE is no need to tell his name,
It's tolerably known to fame;
Often abused, and often praised,
Many questions he has raised.
Vigorous he is, and sturdy,
Though perhaps a trifle wordy;
Still his sense may be denoted
By this fact—he's always quoted.

I.
Old England's pride—
Author to produce it died.

II.
A common Latin preposition
Used in English composition.

III.
If you'd learn his occupation,
See the "largest circulation."

IV.
What of glory ever can lie
In such a Tory act unmanly?

V.
A solemn sound assaults the silent night,
And thrills the ears of each belated wight.

VI.
The noblest use of wealth
Is to do good by stealth.

"Pan" sends the following solution, which is almost correct:—

1. B E E F
2. I N T E R
3. S A L A
4. H I S S
5. O W L - L I K E
6. P A W N B R O K E R

"Hazy" (Leigh) also sends an ingenious solution, which is in some respects an improvement on our own. He gives the last two keys as "Ophecleide" and "Private Benefactor."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 2).

THE foot of man had never brushed
The spot they trod on; all was hushed
In calm majestic cold repose,
Save as the wind across the floes,
And 'mid the bergs that blocked the way,
Chilly, shrilly, seemed to say—
"Back! for the winter here is king!
Death to the foe who invades his realm!
Back! for your lives, if to life ye cling!
Back to your ships, and the mast and helm"
Sadly, slowly, over the ice,
Back at the warning wind's advice,
Scurvy-smitten,
Frost-bitten,
Foiled by fate
Back from the gate
Of the frost king's realm,
Back to the helm
And the mast they went.
And the Land that sent
Those heroes brave
To the Arctic wave
Will heartily own
To the pluck they have shown.

I.
A holy war-cry lately sanctioned deeds,
To hear of which the heart of England bleeds.

II.
An aged Pontiff, plunged in grief,
Bewails his dead adviser chief.

III.
"Steals trash my purse who steals,"
This line my third conceals.

IV.
The guests are arrived, and the party is met,
But another is wanting to make a quartette.

V.
To grumble is unreasonable,
At least it is now seasonable.

VI.
When it triumphs as it must,
Turkey will be in the dust.

ADDITIONAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I'm sure this oughtn't to perplex—
It would not suit to mention sex;
One, on consideration, bold,
Who won't wear yokes, nor be controlled;
By many eminent reverred,
And oft, I fancy, slightly feared.

I.
A member of yourself behold;
Their uses, too, are manifold.

II.
Well, rather famous in this nation;
They owe to us their propagation.

III.
Two celebrated heavenly forms possess a—
Well, this I'll say, yet trusting you're a guesser.

IV.
A term you'll find, without searching far,
Denotes, I think, exactly similar.

V.
This is no argument, I'm bound to say;
Though some imagine 'tis, forgetful they.

VI.
Brave Mr. Manchester's right true endeavour
Is to uphold it. Does he fail? No, never.

Acknowledged, with thanks: T. A., whose other contribution has been handed to the general editor; also W. F. H., Zeno, Knobstick.

Correct solutions of No. 1 from Drake, Always Right, F. F., Tiny.

N.B.—Communications must in all cases be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, at our office, and should be posted or sent not later than Tuesday night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Aboard the Victory.—Handed to us too late for this week.

A Hatter Who Gives Credit.—You are no saner than the rest of your tribe.

A Puzzler.—The Acrostic Editor has a separate waste-paper basket.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

FIVE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO
GOODALL'S
 World-renowned
HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inseparable boon to housewives. Makes delicious puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without Yeast.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

 THE CELEBRATED
YORKSHIRE RELISH.


This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each. Prepared by

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The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c., &c. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle. Prepared by

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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

Dr. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public; it contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestive. Recommended by the medical press and faculty.

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A Treatise, by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., on the Alimentation of Infants, Children, and Invalids, can be had, post free, on application to the Manufacturers,

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By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

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Price only by WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM, and sold in bottles, 1s., 6d., 2s., 9s., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.

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FIFTEEN years' trial has proved the efficacy of this preparation for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least pain or injury to the skin; price 8s. 6d. and 5s. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 6d. extra; money orders or stamps. Numerous testimonials can be seen (if required) as to its efficacy.—**HAIR CURLING FLUID.** Fifteen years' trial has proved the efficacy of this fluid as a certain preparation for curling ladies and gentlemen's hair; it improves and purifies the human hair, and is natural in its effect. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; family bottles, 10s. 6d.—**LUXURIOUS HAIR, EYEBROWS, AND WHISKERS** produced in a few weeks by the use of the well-known HAIR PRODUCER. Price 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; sent free, with directions. Wholesale Agents: Barclay and Sons, London; Balme and Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., York; Oldham and Co., Dublin. Retail by all respectable Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors. The above preparations are prepared solely by JOHN BLAKE, 8, Maismore Square, Park Road, Peckham, London.

RUPTURES CURED WITHOUT TRUSSES.—Dr. THOMSON's remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age affecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonial: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. F. W."—Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss B."—A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—My rupture being 28 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea.

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 GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION
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 GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS
 GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

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WORMALD'S CELEBRATED PILLS are the best and most effectual medicines ever brought before the public. These pills are composed of pure vegetable extracts, and are therefore perfectly safe for both old and young, male and female.

Ask for Wormald's, and do not be persuaded to take any other. Sold by most chemists and patent medicine dealers, in boxes, 9s., 13s., and 2s. 9d. each; or from the Proprietor, 81, Shudehill, Manchester.

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The NEW REMEDY for rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tie-dolorous, pain in the face and head, gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. Scores of testimonials could be readily adduced, but a single trial will be the most convincing proof of its unsurpassable excellence over every other remedy whatever. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13s. and 2s. 9d. each; or from the Proprietor, 81, Shudehill, Manchester.

157, Gorton Lane, West Gorton.

Mr. Wormald.—Sir, I have been terribly afflicted with rheumatism for a long time back, and I have tried many mixtures of one sort or another, but did not get any relief. A friend pressed me to try your Celebrated Gout and Rheumatic Mixture. I bought a 2s. 9d. bottle, and after the first dose I began to feel better. I am glad to say that I am now completely cured, and have still a little of the mixture left, and can confidently recommend it to any one. You may make whatever use you like of this letter.—I am, sir, yours truly,

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Mrs. Wood, of 61, Portland-street, Ashton-under-Lyne, says: I have been suffering from a bad ulcerated leg for many years, and have tried everything everybody could think of, and have had the advice of several medical men, but all to no purpose. Ultimately I was recommended to try Wormald's Cream Ointment, and am glad to say that after using three or four pots my leg is completely cured, and I am as pleased as if he had given me a thousand pounds.

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The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, influenza, incipient consumption, and all affections of the throat, chest, and lungs.

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